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scene depicts the reign of love in the Temple of Venus, and has for its central group Venus and Tannhauser.

Returning through the American piano department, I found Boscowitch perspiring over the irrepressible quartette of *Rigoletto*. Not long did I linger here, but approaching the *department de Francais*, I was allured by dulcet tones to the Pleyel enclosure. Here I heard the admirable Theodore Ritter play for an hour to an immense crowd. He must have been in a tender mood, for all his pieces were played pianissimo. His touch is wondrously delicate, and he played his pieces with exquisite finish. His selections were Prudent's *Danse des Fees*, his own *Souvenirs de Venise*, and the lovely waltz of Romeo and Juliet.

The foreign bands that made so gay in midsummer are now dispersed, but their brave, fiery tones linger yet in sweet memory. During their sojourn here open air concerts occurred daily, and many of them were free. Walking in the *Jardin des Tuilleries* one evening, between five and six, I was delighted by hearing the Austrian band that took the first prize at the grand concourse of bands of all nations, play some selections from *Tannhauser* and several delicious waltzes, closing with the national hymns of France and Austria. The last week that the famous Strauss was here I heard him and his fiery orchestra at the Circle International, and really I found Strauss most interesting—I allude to his manner of leading. He held his violin in his hand, and as he became enthusiastic with the music, he would draw his bow, his head would jerk, and his body would sway, as the fiery tones flew out from his violin. A wilder appearance I never saw. I really thought him mad. But such heavenly waltzes! Truly the horn of Oberon was realized. It was difficult to keep my seat. I fancied myself floating about the room. Upon such music one might dance up to heaven. The orchestra seemed to fully appreciate their efforts, for during the repeat they sang aloud "bravo, Strauss!" The curious custom which Strauss has introduced of the gentlemen wearing their hats, and regaling themselves meanwhile with cigars, gave a very free and easy air to the concert.

Last night I had a happy souvenir of New York, for I heard for the first time in Paris l'Africaine. This brilliant opera holds its place here among older and better favorites, for every week it is sung once or twice a week. As it was an off-night, I was unfortunate in not hearing Madame Sass, but Madame Battu has a fresher voice, if less passion, than Carlotta Zucchi, with whom this opera is associated in my mind: however, in rendering of the lullaby her voice expressed far more tenderness, leaving nothing to be desired. This opera, with which I am so familiar, impresses me more each time that I hear it with its originality, especially the ship music and the fourth act—so that I wonder the critics do not call Meyerbeer, as well as Wagner, "cet extraordinaire." The mise-en-scène was gorgeous, and the orchestra far surpassed that of the Academy of Music at home. The tenor, Vilbret, had a fine voice, but he had not the fire and passion requisite for a Pasca de Gamma—at least if we take our dear Mazzoleni's rendering as the ideal. Nelusko, however, was splendid, and rather transcended my old favorite, Bellini, his face and voice expressing all the diablerie necessary for that

role. The opera was, of course, sung in French, and as no French artist ever pronounces with any distinctness, I sadly missed the Italian text.

To-day I had the pleasure of hearing the beautiful artist Miss Teresa Carreno play for an hour *chez moi!* For the last three months she has been engaged in composing, and from the specimens that she played to me, I should think that midsummer is not unfavorable to inspiration. First she played an exquisite bit of melody, which she modestly styled an étude, and which she said formed one of a set of six, just completed. Another charmingly original piece was *La Danse en rêve*—a dreamer dancing during his dream, and the awakening; and also a brilliant fantasia upon the *Africaine*.

The eminent tragedian Daniel E. Bandman is now in Paris. I understand that he is in treaty with Smith of the Lyceum, London, to bring out his "Narcisse."

The talented artist Elma Mary Gove is here, *en route* for London. She has just returned from an art tour through Germany and Italy, which she has made partly for art culture, and partly for relaxation.

Miss C. L. Ransom, an artist from Cleveland, Ohio, passed through Paris last week, *en route* for Switzerland. Miss Ransom comes abroad with the expectation of remaining a year or two, to study the great master painters.

The beautiful prima donna Mlle. Vaneri is now in Paris, passing her *conge* after her Italian engagements, which have extended into midsummer. Perhaps you may not know that Mlle. Veneri is an excellent pianist, as well as a vocal artist. A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of hearing her sing, at the residence her mother, Madame Colmache, the celebrated *Invitation à la Valse* of Weber, which she has arranged in song form. The effect was very charming.

*Au revoir.*

CECILIA.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, the success of which at the Birmingham Festival our readers are acquainted with, is announced to be given by the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool on September 24. The principal vocalists are to be Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. The cantata will be conducted by the composer himself.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr Anton Rubenstein has resigned his post as director of the Conservatory, and also as conductor of the Musical Society of Russia. He will leave this capital about the middle of the present month to commence a grand professional tour through Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. He will first visit Leipsic.

ODESSA.—A new opera, *Pietro Calabre*, by a young composer, Conrad Jurjewitz, has been successfully produced.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES.—The following are the titles of the new operas which will, probably, be produced in Italy during the approaching autumn and winter: At Milan—*Giovanni di Napoli*, Petrella; *Putifar*, Cagnoni; *L'Isola dei Giardini*, (buffa,) Dell'Arione; *La Tombola*, (buffa,) Cagnoni; *Un Coupo d'Etat*, (buffa,) Lauro Rossi. Naples—*Gli Aventurieri*, Braga; *Il Figliuol prodigo*, Serrao; *Didone Abandonata*, Benvenuti; *L'Esposizione universale*, (buffa,) Filippi; *Mef-*

*istofole*, (grand fairy opera,) Boita. Whether any of these works will ever be performed in any other place than that in which they will be produced may, judging from what Italian operatic composers have written of late years, fairly be doubted.

SCHWERIN.—Her Kücken has just received the Knight's Cross of the Franz-Joseph Order from the Emperor of Austria.

FRENCH OPERAS TRANSFERRED TO THE ITALIAN STAGE.—Apropos of the understood intention of M. Bagier to bring out Auber's *Domino Noir* at the Théâtre Italien, the Parisian journal, *L'Art Musical*, has the following remarks: "An eccentric idea has, it appears, penetrated into the brain of a director of the Théâtre Italien. If we are to credit certain journals, this director has entered into an engagement with M. Zaffira—whose translations of French operas into the Italian language are far from being models—to adapt for the Italian stage—guess what work! *Le Domino Noir*. And how is this to be accomplished? M. Auber not feeling disposed to write the recitations for the transformation of his *chef-d'œuvre*, the dialogue, it is said, will be simply spoken, as in the Opéra-comique. The French comic opera is quite national in style. To produce it in another language, and on another stage than the French stage, without its spoken dialogue, would be to deprive it altogether of its character. The Italian opera, with spoken dialogue and accompanied recitative, would be the gravest of errors. Those who think otherwise would commingle and destroy the art of two ages. Let us leave to each nation its individuality; the style of the French Opéra-comique belongs to us. Let us guard preciously, but not attempt to impose on Italy, our individuality; she has her own; and the best proof that this individuality is sympathetic is that it is accepted by the entire world. Our comic opera, on the contrary, does not leave its native country, and when a work, by way of exception, passes the frontier, it is necessary to convert the prose of the dialogue into rhythmical and accompanied recitative."

ART MATTERS.

Ball's statue of Edwin Forrest as "Coriolanus," from all accounts, must be a fine work of art, judging from the excellent notices it has received at the hands of the press and the genuine excitement it is creating in Boston. I append an admirable criticism from the *New York Dispatch*, written by one of the most thoroughly competent critics of the fine arts in the country:—

"We confess that we are by no means eminently partial to Boston. It is so insufferably priggish and self-conceited as a city. It is so thoroughly convinced that New York has no taste and Philadelphia has no brains, and that no other city from this to that side of the continent is worth naming at all in such a connection, that we always feel gratified in pointing out its own short-comings. Unfortunately, we are at present obliged to compliment it. It had made up its mind to have a statue of Edwin Forrest. It is true that Edwin Forrest is no Bostonian. But his Boston admirers made up their minds that a Bostonian should carve the aforesaid statue. By luck, rather than wisdom, it may be pre-